LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

IS IT TRUE?

This poem has been attributed to "Saxe Holme," long a disputed nom de plume now generally conceded to Helen Hunt Jackson.

Is it true, O Christ in heaven,
That the highest suffer most?
That the strongest wander farthest
And more helplessly are lost?
That the mark of rank in nature
Is capacity for pain?
And the anguish of the singer
Makes the sweetness of the strain?

Is it true, O Christ in heaven,
That whichever way we go
Walls of darkness must surround us,
Things we would but cannot know?
That the infinite must bound us,
Like a temple veil unrent,
Whilst the finite ever wearies,
So that none's therein content?

Is it true, O Christ in heaven,
That the fullness yet to come
Is so glorious and so perfect
That to know would strike us dumb?
That if ever for a moment
We could pierce beyond the sky,
With these poor dim eyes of mortals
We could just see God and die?

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

The lines were first published in England in 1445, before the discovery of America and before any of the discoveries and inventions mentioned therein. All the events predicted have come to pass, except that in the last two lines.

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Waters shall yet more wonders do,
Now strange, yet shall be true.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree.
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse nor ass be at his side.
Under water man shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found 'mid stone,
In a land that's now unknown.
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a Jew,
And this world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

NOTES.

We have this story from Gelett Burgess, co-author with Will Irwin of "The Reign of Queen Isyl," about George Ade, whose last book of character sketches in pure English, "In Babel," seems to be making him a new reputation: "A short time ago Mr. Ade received a most flattering epistle from a young gentleman of the drug clerk persuasion in a little West Virginia town. This gentleman declared that he thought Mr. Ade a "splendid writer,' and that he thought Mr. Ade's stories 'just fine,' and 'awfully amusing' and was 'quite sure Mr. Ade himself was just as nice as he could be.' The letter was signed something like 'Yours in devoted friendship, John Smith.' In course of time Mr. Ade wrote back conventionally, saying that he appreciated the writer's kind words, etc. A week or so elapsed and Mr. Ade received a telegram as follows, from West Virginia: "Grandmother died today. John Smith.'"

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Not long ago Everett T. Tomlinson, author of "A Lieutenant Under Washington," and many other popular books for boys, dropped into the children's room at the Boston public library. "I fancy I felt," he says, "as most writers would when I discovered a lad with one of my own books on the table before him, and apparently deeply interested in its perusal. Assured that I would have the very opportunity I most desired—that of drawing from him his own impressions—I soon entered into conversation with him, thereby, I fear, somewhat infringing upon my rules. For a time he talked glibly and I was congratulating myself that I was securing candid and unbiased opinions from the very fountain head—a Boston boy!—when suddenly he looked up and quizzically said, 'I know who you are! You're the man who wrote this book. I've seen your picture.'"

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Mr. Jack London's book on his experiences in the east end of London, "The People of the Abyss," is coming from the Macmillan press in a new and cheaper edition with all the original illustrations. The book's revelation of the poverty and misery in which London's work people live roused great interest last fall, as did also its vivid and picturesque narrative of adventure.

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The various strong characters in Mr. Eden Philpotts' new novel, "The American Prisoner," present interesting contrasts. Malherb—aggressive, sturdy restless, generous, proud, impulsive, dominant—plans, in order to found a family, to marry his lovely daughter Grace to a smug, middle-aged, poetry-quoting manufacturer, John Lee. Grace's left-handed cousin, is a thoroughly nice boy, though the grandson of one of the weirdest villians in fiction—Lovey Lee, who incurs Malherb's hatred by stealing his precious amphora; and John in the end sacrifices everything, himself included, for Grace's sake. As for the American prisoner himself, the reader would perhaps prefer to discover his character.

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Old and young children who were delighted by Joel Chandler Harris' "Uncle Remus" stories, will be glad to know that during the last year Mr. Harris has written quite a number of new ones which may shortly be expected in book form.

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Stewart Edward White, the author of "The Blazed Trail" and "Conjuror's House," is to be married in the end of April at Newport, R. I., to Miss Elizabeth Grant, of Santa Barbara, Cal. A new book of Mr. White's, under the title of "The Silent Places," is to be published this spring.

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Miss Rose E. Young, the author of "Henderson," is a Missourian whose ancestors lived in Kentucky and Virginia. Her great-great-great grandfather was Gen. Evan Shelby of King's Mountain, known to history for his share in the battle of King's Mountain. After the Revolution, her ancestors went to Kentucky, where her grandfather eventually established his family on a large plantation. Then came the Civil war. After the war, her father moved to Missouri, where she was born on a farm in Lafayette county. When a girl of 18 she went to Texas and taught school, at the same time doing some little writing, chiefly in the nature of journalism. From Texas, she went to Chicago, being engaged in editorial work, and from Chicago came farther east to New York, continuing her editorial work. Meanwhile she began to write short stories, some of the best of which have gathered about Henderson, the hero of her latest volume, whose career fell, for the most part, in just such a Missouri town as Miss Young herself lived in as a girl. Her first novel, "Sally of Missouri," appeared last autumn.

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"Joan of the Alley" is the first novel by Frederick Orin Bartlett, who is beginning his literary career early, as he was born in Haverhill, Mass., in July, 1876. His father was a lawyer, and the family comes from old New England stock. After a year or so in the public schools of Haverhill, he came to Boston and continued his studies in a private school. Later he went abroad for three years and studied under a tutor, but like most boys, he was more fond of advanture than of study. He found plenty of it at Beaulieu where, as the only American boy, he was not immediately popular with the young Frenchmen. He was fond of reading and surreptitiously read everything he could lay his hands upon at Galignani's library at Nice. Returning to America he spent the next few years in the country, as he was in poor health. A Sunday school library furnished all the reading he could find there, but he read it bravely through. He next went to Proctor's academy, Andover, N. H., from which he entered Harvard college with the class of 1900. He remained two years, and then left to take up newspaper work with the Boston Advertiser and later with the Boston Herald, where he is at present. He recently won the first prize of $500 offered by The Ladies' Home Journal for the best short love story, which placed him above 2,600 contestants. His novel, "Joan of the Alley," deals with life in the tenement district of a large city.

The general public does not realize the attitude the real journalist holds towards his work. A story in illustration is told by Lincoln Steffens, of McClure's Magazine. Recently while gathering material for one of his articles on the misgovernment of cities he chanced to be in the smoking compartment of a train on his way to the particular city then under consideration, with two strangers. These men began to talk of inside political matters in that city and in the course of their conversation revealed many important political secrets. Mr. Steffens overheard all and said nothing. The next morning he introduced himself to one of the men, told him of his purpose and asked him if he had any further information to impart. The politician was completely confounded and rushed to tell his friend of their exposure. Two very anxious politicians awaited the publication of Mr. Steffens' article and no doubt heaved great sighs of relief when they discovered that he had used none of the information thus given him. Confidences are not news.

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Some of the writers of today seem to believe that the mandate to "forsake all and follow" is incumbent on the devotees of literature. One thus minded while talking with Myra Kelly, the New York East Side school teacher, who has written so cleverly of her charges, recently discovered that Miss Kelly lived at her father's home in New York. "You really live at home?" she asked Miss Kelly.

"To be sure I do," Miss Kelly answered. "Why not?"

"Oh, the cramping, atmosphere of home life is too restraining for great art. It limits and binds one's individuality and prevents one's freest expression. I left home years ago," was the reply in a superior tone.

"Well," Miss Kelly quickly retorted, "if I have to give up my individuality or my father I guess my individuality will have to go."

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Mr. Jack London's novel, "The Call of the Wild," and Mr. James Lane Allen's "The Mettle of the Pasture," have been placed on the navy department's list of books approved for issue to ships' libraries.

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"Some times Lancelot's bell rang up Mrs. Leadbatter herself, but far more often merely Mary Ann," is the opening sentence of Mr. Zangwill's bright and pretty novelette. The stage production of "Merely Mary Ann," with Miss Eleanor Robson in the title role, is one of the most charming and dainty plays of the New York season. Its success has called for the appearance of Mr. Zangwill's novelette in a paper bound volume by itself; and the Macmillan company issues one with some good stage pictures. Nothing else that could have happened would have called attention to the beauty of Mr. Zangwill's story, "Merely Mary Ann," as its dramatization has done. This is one of the novelettes in Zangwill's latest book, "The Grey Wig," where its exquisiteness and delightful, kindly realism were lost sight of. The story ends like life, while the play has a conventional ending. "Merely Mary Ann" is one of the most touching and human tales Mr. Zangwill has yet written.

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In following the trail of graft through the various cities of the country whose conditions he described, Lincoln Steffens has mapped out a definite plan of campaign which he talks of interestingly. "When I reach the city I am to discuss," he says, "I first look up three people: the political boss, the leading banker and the worst crank. In interviewing them I get the widely separated views which give me the outlines of my story. I learn the best and the worst. I meet the man who devises municipal corruption, the man who makes it and the man who is trying to destroy it. Then I fill in the details. I go to the grafters and learn of graft, to the reformers for reform, to the politicians for politics, to the business men for "business." In the wider field of the states the same plan is followed. The study of a state is largely the collective or composite impression of the cities which make it."

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Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne, whose new book, "A Country Interlude," is published this spring by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is a daughter of Julian Hawthorne and a granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. She was taken abroad as a baby and lived in England and on the continent for a dozen or more years. Since then, she has led a more or less wandering existence, mostly in America, but spending two years in the Island of Jamaica and another year in France and Italy. Country ways and country things have appealed to her, and her book is an expression of her feeling in that direction, with a love story woven in as weft to the ways of summer growth and blossom. Miss Hawthorne is now living at Yonkers on the Hudson, and the scene of her story is laid at a country place on this river. She has previously been known through her short stories and poems which have appeared in many of the leading magazines.

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The wealth of illustration is the first feature that catches the eye of the reader of "English Literature: An Illustrated Record" by Messrs. Barnett and Gosse. To the splendid series of portraits in these volumes are added in the case of the chief writers pictures of the houses in which they lived at different times, facsimiles of handwriting, scenes referred to in their writings, facsimile title-pages, portraits of other people with whom they were more or less intimately connected in literary ways, facsimiles of manuscripts and letters and reproductions, sometimes in colors of illustrations from books. The Macmillan company are issuing vols. II and IV of this work.

BOOKS.

Glados's Dona Perfecta, edited by Edwin Seelye Lewis, Ph.D., professor of Roman languages at Princeton University, is just issued by the American Book company.

This work of Galdis's is a novel illustrating the prejudice of a rural Spanish community when brought into contact with the results of modern advance n science, religion, and politics. This intolerant attitude is personified by the characters of Dona Perfecta, whose affection for her nephew, a young engineer, gradually turns to hate and instigates his murder, and of the family chaplain, who looks upon everything modern as an attack on religion and lends his aid to Dona Perfecta's schemes. The book is suited for second and third year reading and has notes for a full vocabulary. It is the latest addition to the constantly growing series of Modern Spanish Texts now being published by this company.

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Merimee's Colombia. Edited by Hiram Parker Williamson, of the University of Chicago, is another recent publication of the American Book company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

This masterpiece of Merimee tells the story of a Corsican vendetta, and at the same time forms an epitome of the spirit of the Corsican genius and history. It pictures the fierce characteristics of the race, their love of independence and justice, their standards of family honor, and the resultant feuds, with their logical outcome in the bandits whose existence and influence form so serious a problem for the authorities today. The story is well adapted to high school and college classes, and is recommended in the list of the National Educational association. The book is carefully edited; and all the notes are placed in the vocabulary, which will ensure its being frequently consulted by the student.

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"Her Infinite Variety," the new political novel by Brand Whitlock, is a cleverly penned picture of the pitfalls which beset the feet of the unwary politician in the way of fair lobbyists working for special aims in the political body which he helps to dominate. The book deals chiefly with a legislative incident, in which the heroine is a charming young woman lawyer bent upon securing "influence" for the passage of a state amendment favorable to woman suffrage. The hero, a young legislator already engaged to a being formed upon the accepted standard of sweet and unassertive femininity, is enchained by this novel type of womanhood, especially by her charming presence and personality which tempts him to a thoughtless and unlucky championage of her cause. This chivalry, in the form a public speech in the legislature, with periods devoted more to the charms and privileges of sex, rather than to the inherent right of female suffrage, is reproduced in the newspapers and there reaches the eye of his affianced whose "intuition" points to a feminine personal influence behind the political "cause." With a bodyguard of fervent anti-suffragists she swoops down upon the scene, surprising her susceptible affianced in the semi-flirtation he is enjoying with the political charmer whose interests he has espoused. The plot and its denoument are effectively worked out to the paradoxical triumph of all concerned.

There are a number of delightful illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy done in the inimitably comprehensive style of the artist. The book is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

The article by Samuel Hopkins Adams on the case of Caleb Powers vs. the State of Kentucky, in the March McClure's, has stirred up much comment on both praise and criticism all over the country, but particularly, of course, in Kentucky. There the sentiment is most radical and emphatic either for or against it, according to the factional bias of the critic. Many letters have already been received by the magazine management concerning this startling article.

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The Easter number of the Overland Monthly is very richly illustrated, several of the fullpage reproductions of photographs being especially artistic. Among the readable articles may be mentioned "The Ojai Valley," by F. W. Reid; "Teaching the Filipino," by Pierre N. Beringer, "The Coming Conflict," a keen prophesy of what has happened in the orient, by Dr. Hugo Erickson; "Housekeeping in Mexico," by Cora Chaffee Babcock; "Percy the Ranch Foreman," a true story of a Wyoming cowboy's start in life, by John Dicks Howe; "The Northwest Mounted Police," by L. R. Freeman, and "Wireless," a clear explanation of the Marconi system, by Pierre N. Beringer.

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In Harper's Monthly for March "The Sphynx," by Robert W. Chambers, is concluded, and Miss Johnston's monthly, "Sir Mortimer," continues its course. The short stories are: "Little Rugby," by R. R. Gilson; "In Loco Parentis," by Margaret Sutton Briscoe; Lady Clemency Welcomes a Guest," by Maud Stepney Rawson; "Pap Overholt," by Alice McGowan; "A Garden Idyll," by Kate Whiting Patch; "The Bitter Cup," by Charles B. DeCamp, and "The Seeds of Time," by Grace Lathrop Collin—a long list even today, when fiction seems more and more to usurp the bulk of the popular magazines. One of the most interesting articles is "A Group of Hawthorne Letters," by Julian Hawthorne. These are from Hawthorne's correspondence with Ticknor during the years from 1851 to 1864, when he was in England and Italy, and set forth the sombre romancer in a lighter vein than one usually associates with his name. As always, Hawthorne was extremely critical of the men he met.

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"Your Loving Daughter Joyce," is the title of the opening story in the Youth's Companion for this week, and there is an Indian story, "The Winning of Pehanska," while the special articles on "Farming In Many Lands," is upon "Ancient and Modern Farming in the Roman Campagna."

THE DRESS OF HINDU WOMEN.

There has been no change in Indian women's dress for four thousand years. All wear the sari, a single piece of stuff a yard and a quarter wide, 10, 20, 30 yards long. It is arranged on the body, and forms skirt, garment, veil. First plaited with the hand in accordion folds in front, wound round and round, and the richest end, if embroidered or woven with gold, finally brought over the head. It may be of simple cotton cloth; of silk, plain in design, woven with golden threads; solid with embroidery; strung with pearls; or of kincob, the royal cloth of gold. Some cost thousands of rupees. No pin, hook, button, or string. The garment is formed on the architecture of the body, and takes its expression and nobility from its perfect harmony with the lines of the human form. And Indian women, whether of high or low class, have jewels everywhere; have sleeping gems and day gems, as we have day and night shirts.—Everybody's Magazine.

LAURENCE IRVING'S PESSIMISM.

Laurence Irving, son of Sir Henry Irving, is of a very gloomy disposition. He is a disciple of Tolstoi, and is troubled with many theories with regard to the changing of present conditions for the betterment of mankind. In addition to his work as an actor, he has written several plays. They are all of the gloomy sort, however, and have not been successes. Yet his friends predict for him a great future as a dramatist when he shall have shaken off the morbidness of thought that now envelopes him.

One of his best friends and most ardent admirers is E. H. Sothern. Mr. Sothern has known young Irving since he was a boy, and chuckles over this story, which he tells on his fellow actor and playwright.

"Laurence is married now, you know," says Mr. Sothern, "and his moroseness is rapidly disappearing under the influence of his happy marriage. Still, he finds it hard to let go his old role of a pessimist all of a sudden.

"A short while ago I had luncheon with him and Mrs. Irving. All through the meal he was in the happiest, brightest humor, laughing and joking as I had never known him to do before. I was so struck with it that I remarked upon the change.

"'Oh, yes,' he said. 'Everything is changed now. The world's bright and gay. No more gloominess for me.'

"'And,' chimed in Mrs. Irving, 'Laurence has written a new play. It is full of sunshine and humor, and is sure to be a great success.'

"'Is that so, Laurence?' I asked. 'What is the name of your new play?'

"The old gloomy look came over his face as he thought of his work. 'It is called,' he said slowly, 'it is called "In the Depths."'"—New York Times.

Shakespeare's Favorite Chair Found.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, March 15.—Few are aware that what was Shakespeare's favorite chair at his home in Stratford-on-Avon is still in existence. The illustration which accompanies this article, obtained from a photograph specially taken for the purpose, is the first picture of it which has appeared in America, or in England either, for that matter.

Way down in the county of Sussex, far from the madding crowd and the railway is a quaint and curious old house that is a befitting temple for it, reposes this most interesting of Shakespearean relics. And no less zealously are guarded the papers, many faded and worn with age, which prove its genuineness.

Though black with age this chair of Shakespeare's is in excellent preservation, notwithstanding that it had a history before it came into possession of the great poet. Its shape proclaims it as a relic of the Tudor period—what is generally known as the Glastonbury pattern. It is built entirely of oak, neither nails, screws, nor glue having been used in its manufacture, for it is pegged together with wood. The back and the seat are paneled but beyond simple reeded mouldings the chair does not boast any carving. A silver plate of more recent date nailed to the top rail of the chair bears the inscription in old English lettering:

"WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE"
"Born 23 April, 1564. Died 23 April, 1616"

This chair is now kept in a room sacred to antiquities and as can be seen by the photograph it occupies a prominent position beside an Elizabethan fire grate cast by John Hogge (the first founder of iron cannon in England) at Buxted, Sussex, in the year 1571. This fire back bears the royal arms and mottoes of Queen Elizabeth. The fire dogs also have her cipher E. R. upon them. The photograph also shows an old proof copy of "the first folio" portrait of Shakespeare beside contemporary portraits of the wife of Henry VII and Queen Mary I; an Elizabethan cross-bow such as might have been used by Shakespeare when shooting at Sir William Lucy's deer; Elizabethan stool; rushlight holder on bracket; bellows and tobacco tongs which in the olden days were used to pick up live coals for the purpose of lighting pipes.

There is no doubt that the modern craze for the collection of antique furniture had something to do with the discovery and treasuring of Shakespeare's chair, although before the birth of the nineteenth century this craze was in its earliest infancy. It was about the year 1793 when Samuel Ireland, a well-known collector and dealer in rare MMS. of Norfolk street, Strand, London, went to Stratford to collect material for his work entitled, "Picturesque Views of the Warwickshire Avon," published 1795, and to make exhaustive and critical search for any literary or personal relics of Shakespeare; for Shakespeare's house had been pulled down, some years before, and his possessions scattered to the four winds.

After quitting London, Shakespeare did not return to the humble dwelling wherein he was born, but in 1597 bought the house in Stratford next to the Grammar school, where he had been educated, had it thoroughly repaired and giving it the name of New Place lived there until the time of his death. This house had been built by a Sir Hugh Clopton a century before Shakespeare purchased it.

On the death of Shakespeare in 1616 the house and its contents continued in the possession of his wife, who died in 1623, and then it became the property of their favorite daughter Susannah Hall, the wife of John Hall, a physician of some eminence in the county. After the death of Mrs. Hall in 1649 their daughter Elizabeth came into posession. This lady was married first to Thomas Nash and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abbington. On the death of Lady Bernard Shakespeare's house was sold, under her will, to her cousin Edward Nash from whom it devolved, in 1679, to Reginald Foster, Esq., afterwards Sir Reginald Foster, and from this gentleman it was repurchased by the Clopton family, who in the year 1742 entertained Mr. David Garrick, Mr. Macklin and Mr. Delane under Shakespeare's mulberry tree, planted by the bard and then standing in the garden. This was ruthlessly cut down by Mr. Gastrell, who next possessed the premises and he committed this sacrilligious act merely to avoid the trouble of answering the earnest importunities of frequent travelers.

It was by the same irreverant hand that the house was pulled down in 1752 for no other nor better reason than a difficulty with the magistrates who had assessed this house in which he resided, only a part of the year, proportionately with all others in the borough. As his only means of defeating this quite just assessment, Mr. Gastrell razed the building to the ground. A Mr. Taylor, who lived next door, saved the "Abbott's Chair," as it was called, from the sacrilegious wreck. The history of this chair when Shakespeare first possessed it, was that a former owner of New Place, it was thought a William Clopton, had brought it to this house in Stratford-on-Avon from Gladstonbury.

Arrived on the spot, Mr. Ireland went to Shakespeare's birthplace and found there a descendant of Joan Harte, the sister of Shakespeare. From this Mr. Harte, he gleaned a great deal of information about the scattered contents of New Place. On this he went first to Clopton House, where a farmer lived, and to his horror he was told by the farmer that he certainly had possessed a great deal of manuscripts from Shakespeare's house, but that only a few days previously he had cleared out a whole closet full of them and burnt them to make room for some partridges. He had seen the name of Shakespeare upon some of the papers and his wife had said at the time that she did not think he ought to have burnt them. But they were gone beyond recall, and the searcher had to confine his quest to the lesser relics of the great bard. On a later date he went to see Mr. Taylor who had Shakespeare's chair.

The Western Herald in 1862 in an article upon Shakespearean relics, mentions the chair as an "antique relic which originally belonged to the unfortunate and last abbot of Glastonbury, Brichard Whiting, a man of great learning and courage, who, resisting the order of Henry VIII to deliver up the property of the monastery, was charged with embezzling some of the plate, and by the king was sentenced to be hanged in 1539. The chair, which is an old Glastonbury one, subsequently became the property, in 1597, of our immortal bard Shakespeare, and was afterwards purchased at Stratford-on-Avon by Mr. S. Ireland, father of the notorious Ireland, who was a most respectable and honorable man, a collector of rare manuscript and other works of art, and he used to exhibit this chair. So repeatedly was Mr. Ireland's shop visited by the curious to inspect this valuable relic that young Ireland's cupidity was awakened and he admits that the thought of forging the manuscript was suggested by the idea that a large sum would be realized by the production of some additions to Shakespeare's existing works."

It was Edward Malone who exposed the wicked forgeries of young Ireland, which had deceived not only his own father, but scholars of considerable renown, including Parr, Wharton and Chalmers. Young Ireland in his "Confessions," mentions that the Shakespearean chair "which had a place in Mr. Ireland's study on being conveyed to London, was perfectly well known to all the inspectors of manuscripts, many of whom I have often seen seated therein to hear the perusal of the (forged) papers; and their settled physiognomies have frequently excited in me a desire for laughter which it required every effort on my part to restrain."

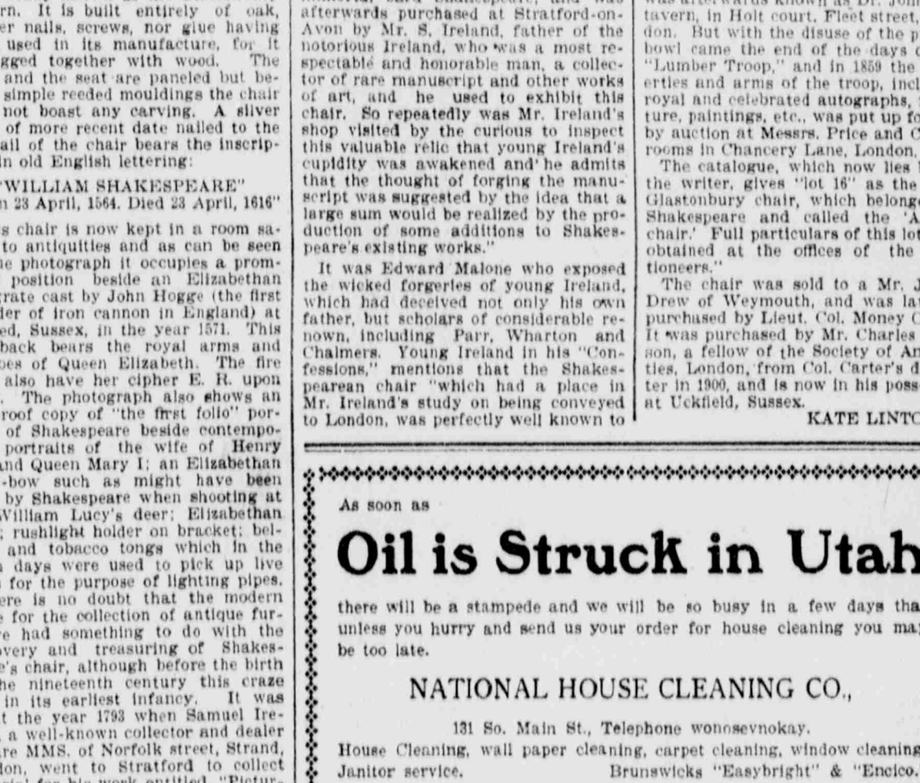
The perfidy of his son who afterwards ran away in a fit of remorse, broke poor Samuel Ireland's heart and he did not live long. The old chair at his death became the property of a well known club known as the "Ancient and Honorable Lumber Troop," a sort of literary and powerful political club, to which Samuel Ireland himself belonged. This club, which existed for two or three centuries, was said to have been originally formed from one of the trained bands raised at the time of the attempted raid by the Spanish Armada.

In Queen Anne's time, her consort, Prince George of Denmark, was a "Lumber Trooper," and later on, Hogarth was a member and painted their escutcheon of arms, which long after hung in their troop hall. Its rules were chiefly political, and it was a recognized matter that any candidate for the city of London aspiring to success should become a "Trooper," and be admitted by their colonel. Their anthem commencing, "We are full ten thousand boys," was probably not far from the truth, for even in 1838 their numbers were credibly estimated at 8,000 to 9,000 members. Their troop hall was what was afterwards known as Dr. Johnson's tavern, in Holt court, Fleet street, London. But with the disuse of the punch-bowl came the end of the days of the "Lumber Troop," and in 1859 the properties and arms of the troop, including royal and celebrated autographs, furniture, paintings, etc., was put up for sale by auction at Messrs. Price and Clark's rooms in Chancery Lane, London.

The catalogue, which now lies before the writer, gives "lot 16" as the "Oak Glastonbury chair, which belonged to Shakespeare and called the 'Abbot's chair.' Full particulars of this lot to be obtained at the offices of the auctioneers."

The chair was sold to a Mr. Joseph Drew of Weymouth, and was later on purchased by Lieut. Col. Money Carter. It was purchased by Mr. Charles Dawson, a fellow of the Society of Antiquities, London, from Col. Carter's daughter in 1900, and is now in his possession at Uckfield, Sussex.

KATE LINTOTT.



SHAKESPEARE'S FAVORITE CHAIR.
Photographed for This Article—Shown With Other Curios in House of an Antiquarian.